

“But,” said Mabel, gently, “we are all sinners. We cannot—even the best of us—hope for anything but the wages of sin, except through the death of Christ, who died to save sinners—even the chief.”

“O, you know nothing of sin,” said the woman in an agonised voice. “Here it has not been so bad, but if you had seen the place we came from you might know something of it.” And the remembrance seemed to completely overcome her, for she lay moaning and crying in a perfect agony of despair.

Mabel talked and argued, but felt she was not making any impression. Finally she rose and said, speaking in a hurried whisper, “I spoke to you of hope—of hope that I myself know not. I am in as great darkness as you, and therefore I cannot give you the help you need.”

The woman stared at the girl in a strange, uncomprehending sort of way, but she was by this time too weak to make any comment.

“But,” continued Mabel, “I know of one who has *felt* the power of salvation, may I bring her to you?”

She nodded assent, and Mabel hastened away.

It was now nearly ten o'clock, but she felt that the patient would not see the light of day, and that every consideration must give way before the desperate nature of this case. She almost felt inclined to fetch Mr. Chadwell, instead of disturbing Minnie at this unseasonable hour, but feared it might have a fatal effect on the dying woman.

She quietly tapped at the back door, fearing to alarm the